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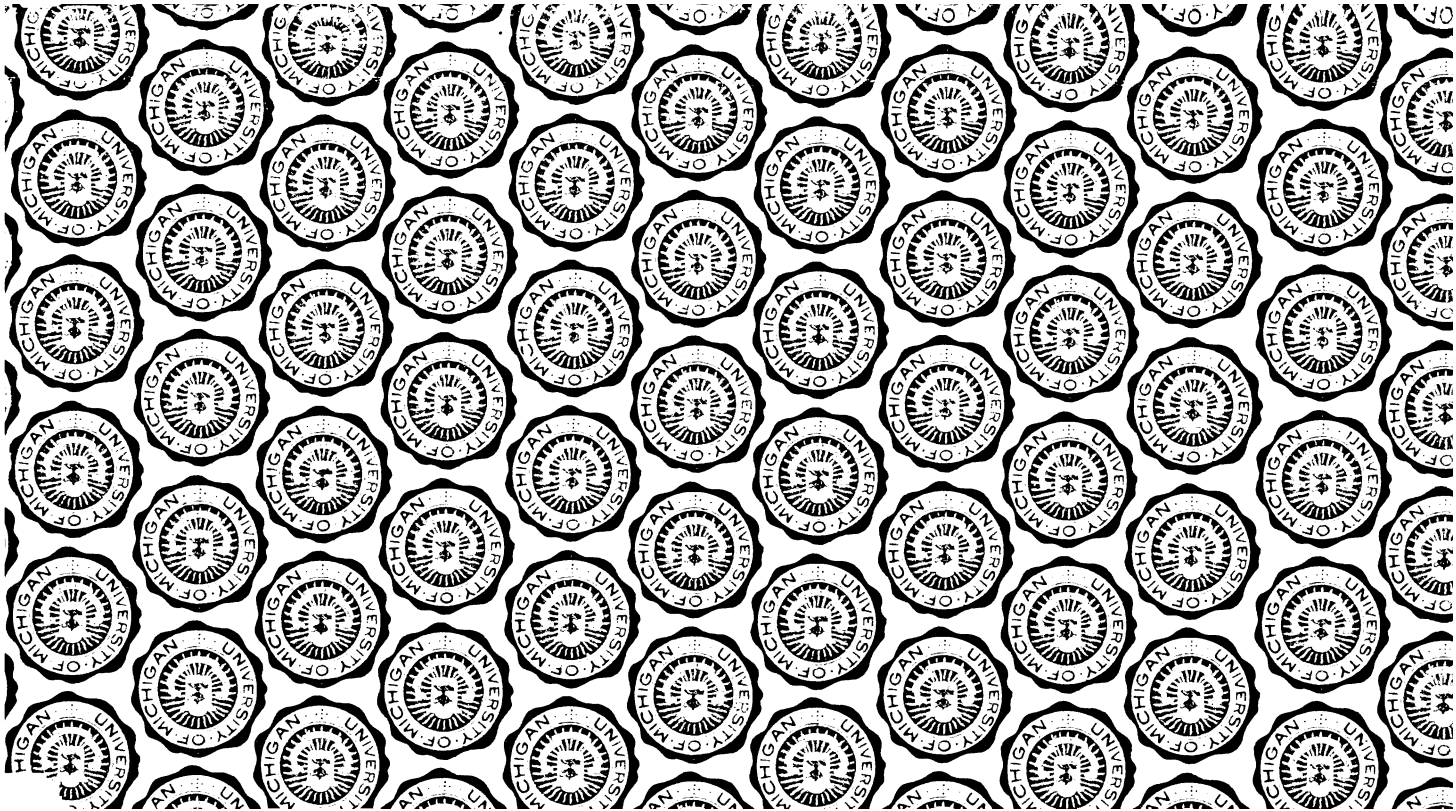
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THE

Devil upon Crutches

In ENGLAND,

OR

Night Scenes in LONDON.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence]

THE

Devil upon Crutches

In ENGLAND,

OR

Night Scenes in LONDON.

A

SATIRICAL WORK.

Written upon the Plan of the celebrated *Diable Boiteux* of Monſieur *Le Sage.*

PART I.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

O Proceres, Cenſore opus eſt, an Haruſpice Nobis?
Juv.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for PHILIP HODGES, at the *Globe* in *Great Turnſtile, Holbourn.* 1756.

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THE

THE

Devil upon Crutches

In ENGLAND,

OR

Night Scenes in LONDON.

CHAP. I.

In which the Reader is introduced to the Acquaintance of the Devil Aſmodeus, *and the Student* Eugenio.

SIR, your moſt devoted obſequious Slave—How happy am I now, to have the Pleaſure of meeting with you after ſo long a Search.—In vain have I viſited all the Stews, Bagnios, and Gaming-Tables.—In vain have I attended the Great Man's Levee in the

Lot B

Morning, and the Play-houſes at Nigh
You were no where to be found with
the Verge of this Metropolis, and my O
ders were poſitive not to ſtir out of it.

In this manner, a young well-dreſſe
Perſon accoſted *Eugenio*, a Gentleman o
Oxford, (who had for a ſhort Time, lef
that learned Univerſity, to ſee the Man
ners and Inhabitants of the flouriſhing
City of *London*) as he was amuſing him-
ſelf with a Walk in the Park by
Moon-light. I fancy, Sir, you are miſ-
taken, anſwered *Eugenio*, for to the beſt
of my Remembrance, I never ſaw your
Face before. I know that very well, re-
plied the gay Stranger, yet I flatter my-
ſelf, you will not be diſpleaſed with me,
when we are a little better acquainted:
But the Mall is too much crowded for
an Explanation here; if you will favour
me with your Company in yonder bye
Walk, I will inform you my Name, Pro-
feſſion, and the Reaſon of my Addreſs.—
The aſtoniſhed Student tacitly conſent-
ed, and followed his unknown Compani-
on to the retired Spot.

You ſee before you, *Eugenio*, cried the
Stranger, no leſs a Perſon than *Aſmodeus*,
whoſe

whose Name Monsieur *Le Sage*.—How! *Asmodeus!* interrupted the Student, in the utmost Surprize. Yes, *Asmodeus* himself, the very identical *Dæmon*, replied the other, whom *Le Sage* has rendered for ever famous, by disclosing his Conversation with Don *Cleofas Leandro Perez de Zambullo*. But that damned Work almost deprived me of my Devilship; for I was immediately delivered from the cursed Magician's Inchantments, (who had again stopped me up close in a much smaller Phial than the former, after he forced me to leave precipitately the Student of *Alcala*,) and summoned to Hell to answer for my Proceedings. The Infernal Council were puzzled what Punishment to inflict upon me. Various were mentioned, but none could be agreed upon; till at last *Belphegor* proposed to send me into *England*, to preside over the *Gamesters* and *Suicides*. This was instantly complied with, and Sentence passed upon me; but it is impossible I should endure it long, for Hell has not such another Torment.

I AM amazed *Asmodeus*, to hear you talk in this Manner, replied *Eugenio*, if my Memory fail me not very much, you

yourſelf were the firſt Introducer of Luxury, Gaming, Routs, Drums, and ſeveral other faſhionable Amuſements, into the World, calculated merely to murder Time, Health and Fortune. Curſe on my Invention, ſo I was, cried the *Dæmon*, but as he who contrived the Brazen Bull for *Phalaris*, firſt tried it himſelf, ſo I am ruined by my own Arts I invented the Amuſements you have mentioned, ſolely for the Uſe of the *French* Nation, whoſe natural Levity diſpoſes them to adopt every Vice and Folly, that wears the Appearance of Diverſion. But I was miſtaken the Infection ſpread and *England*, who every Year ſends over her moſt conſpicuous Fools, to improve—Improve what? cried *Eugenio*, with ſome Warmth. Not their Underſtanding, I aſſure you, returned *Aſmodeus*, I never yet knew a Man that was fond of foreign Manners and Faſhions, but had a weak Head, or a bad Heart. But by what unaccountable Fatality I know not the *once* brave, rough, and victorious *Engliſh*, are entirely *Frenchified*, and their rival Neighbours, by as ſtrange a Metamorphoſis, endure Hardſhips, win Battles, and if they proceed with equal Rapidity, are in a fair Way, to give Laws, as well as Faſhions

to *Europe.* Truths, but fatal ones! exclaimed *Eugenio*, I am aſtoniſhed to find a Devil of ſo much Veracity. Your Fraternity has ſurely been wrongfully ſtigmatized with the opprobrious Appellation of Liars. No Complements, kind Sir, returned *Aſmodeus*; but to ſay Truth, you Mortals do not uſe us with all the Reſpect due to our Quality. We Devils never tell a Lie without we have ſome Proſpect of Advantage; yet Men will tell ten Thouſand inſipid ones, that can afford them no other Profit or Pleaſure, than that of committing a Sin, which, as the Mode now is, is one of the greateſt Enjoyments of Life. There is no one Vice in Hell, but what Mankind has purloined from us. Nay, ſometimes, they are before hand with us in Invention: So that inſtead of making uſe of all our Arts, to decoy them into Snares, they commonly force themſelves upon us, whether we will or not. What then, ſaid *Eugenio*, is the grievous Torment you complain of, when you have ſo little to perform? So little! replied the *Dæmon*: alas! Sir, you are unacquainted with the Fatigues I undergo: To convey Gameſters and Suicides to the Infernal Manſions, is a Taſk fitter for the power-

full

ful Devil *Leviathan*, than myself; beſides, there is ſcarce a Day paſſes but I have one or more to conduct there. But I perceive Impatience in your Looks You would aſk the Reaſon of my addreſſing myſelf to you, and why I would venture again to diſcloſe the Secrets of the Infernal Powers. The Anſwer is ſhort—I knew by my Art, that you were in this Metropolis—That you were much better acquainted with the Receſſes of *Lyceum*, and the Banks of *Iliſſus*, than the Avenues of St. *James*'s—That you had ſtudied Books more than Men, and although you had frequently and familiarly converſed with the Emperor *Antoninus*, you never had the Honour of one Hours Converſation with a modern Great Man.—To the ſecond Queſtion I anſwer, I was willing to be diſgraced, diſregarded, deſpiſed, nay hooted at through Hell: To be plain, I was threatned the next Time I offended, to be deprived of all Offices, and condemned to paſs my Time in a ſtoical State of Inactivity, which to a Devil of any Spirit, is the greateſt Misfortune that can happen to him.——One Queſtion more, my good Friend *Aſmodeus*, and I ſhall be perfectly ſatisfied, ſaid *Eugenio*. Monſieur *Le Sage* has deſcribed you as a

moſt

moſt frightful Figure—about two Foot and a Half in Height, leaning upon Crutches, with the Legs of a Goat, long Viſage, ſnub Noſe, and your other Parts in Proportion. And he was in the Right, replied the *Demon*, but at preſent I am permitted to aſſume whatever Shape I pleaſe, the better to effect my Purpoſes. I have juſt now, left a celebrated Gaming-Table, where one of the Fraternity, enraged at the Loſs of his Money, drew his Sword, and run his Antagoniſt thro' the Body he himſelf is now in the Hands of Juſtice, and in all Probability, will make a very decent *Exit*, next Seſſions at the *Old-Bailey*: For the great Men that were in Company with him, will never give themſelves the leaſt Trouble to apply in his Behalf, notwithſtanding he has been their conſtant Companion for the laſt ſix Months. Inſtead of great, ſaid *Eugenio*, you muſt certainly mean very worthleſs Men, for ſuch I eſteem them to be, who admit Sharpers into their Company. Not ſo, I aſſure you, replied *the Infernal*, the greateſt Scoundrel in the Nation, if he is but well dreſſed, and plays deep, is a Companion for the moſt opulent Nobleman in it. Poor Merit is more diſregarded

garded than ever, nobody will take the leaſt Notice of it at this End of the Town. Pimping and Gaming are the only Steps to Preferment, and the Notice of the Great—but the latter Profeſſion hath almoſt kicked the former out of Doors, for Men of Spirit and Faſhion devote their Time to Cards and Dice, and look upon their Miſtreſſes with almoſt as much Contempt, as upon their Wives. But come Sir, give me your Hand we are now inviſible in the Twinkling of an Eye you ſhall ſtand upon the Top of yonder high Building; from thence you ſhall ſee what paſſes in this Quarter.—So—Now we are landed.

READER, if thou art deſirous to know what further paſſed between the *Dæmon* and the Student, thou muſt follow them —not to the Top of the Fabrick, but to the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A Rout at Lady Spades, *Characters of the polite Company there.*

I AM now going to preſent to your Sight, continued *Aſmodeus*, one of the politeſt Aſſemblies—A Rout at Lady *Spades*—A Collection of all the celebrated Beauties, Beaus, Lords and Scoundrels in Town.—Here *Vice* appears in her gayeſt Cloathing, but *Modeſty*, *Virtue* and *Honour* are never ſuffered to enter, or if they enter unadviſedly, or by Miſtake, are never permitted to retire untainted.

BEHOLD at that Table the greateſt Monſter the World ever produced; no Object the Sun ever ſhone on is half ſo deformed.—Heavens! what can that be? replied *Eugenio*, I ſee you point to a very lovely young Lady at Cards—but what in the Name of Wonder can you mean? A FEMALE GAMESTER, returned *Aſmodeus*, her Name is *Leonora*—Her Story is as follows.—She was married very young, to a noble Lord, the Honour and Ornament of his Country, who hoped to preſerve her from the Contagion of the

Times, by his own Example; and to ſay Truth, ſhe had every good Quality, that could recommend her to the Boſom of a Man of Decernment and Worth.—But alas, how frail and ſhort are the Joys of Mortals! How ſoon is Virtue when it begins to totter, degenerated into Vice? As the blooming Flowers of the Spring, are inſtantly deſtroyed by the cold Blaſts of the Winter, ſo the Moment the Luſt of Gaming takes Poſſeſſion of the human Heart, every virtuous Conſideration that can render Man ſupportable to himſelf, is utterly loſt and eradicated.—But to proceed—One unfortunate Hour ruined his darling viſionary Scheme of Happineſs: She was introduced to the infamous Woman under whoſe Roof ſhe now is—ſhe was drawn into play—liked it—and what is the unavoidable Conſequence—was ruined—having loſt more in one Night, than would have maintained a Hundred uſeful Families for a Twelve-Month; ſhe was obliged to proſtitute her Body to the Wretch that had won her Money, to recover her Loſs: From this Moment ſhe might juſtly have exclaimed with the *Moor*,

Farewel

Farewel the tranquil Mind! Farewel Content!

The affectionate Wife, the agreeable Companion, the indulgent Miſtreſs were now no more. In vain, ſhe flattered herſelf, the Injury ſhe had done her Huſband, would for ever remain one of thoſe Secrets which can only be diſcloſed at the laſt Day. Miſtaken Woman! the Cries of Juſtice are too ſtrong for any human Power to ſtifle.—Though the Paths before her ſeemed eaſy and pleaſant, impending Thunder filled the Air, Vengeance purſued her Steps, and Infamy ſpread her venemous Wings around her—while ſhe triumphed in her Security, ſhe was loſt.—The Villain who enjoyed her, boaſted of the Favours he had received.—*Modern Humanity* conveyed the fatal News to the Ears of her injured Lord.—He refuſed to believe what he thought impoſſible, but Honour obliged him to call the Boaſter into the Field.—The Hero (for he had all the Qualifications our modern Romances require, namely, Whoring, Drinking, Duelling, and Gaming, to compleat one,) received the Challenge with much more Contentment than Concern: As he had Reſolution enough to murder

any Man he had injured, ſo he was certain, if he had the Fortune to conquer his Antagoniſt, he ſhould be looked upon as the Head of all the modern *Bucks* and *Bloods*; eſteemed by the Men as a *brave Fellow*, and admired by the Ladies for a *fine Gentleman* and an *agreeable Rake*.

You muſt pardon me, Mr. *Aſmodeus*, ſaid *Eugenio*, if I am obliged to queſtion the Truth of this Part of your Relation. Is it poſſible that Women, who were formed for the Happineſs of Mankind, can take any Delight in, or ſuffer the Company of the Wretch, who hath deſtroyed his Brother?---There is nothing more common, replied his Devilſhip, what greater Pleaſure can a fine Lady receive, except cheating at Cards, than to ſee the dear, brave, heroic Man who will run an innocent Perſon through the Body, for accidentally treading upon his Corns, dying at her Feet, and exiſting only by her Smiles. In a Word, the Ladies look upon Courage in your Sex to be equal to Chaſtity in theirs, at leaſt the Appearances of both muſt be preſerved. But to reſume the Thread of my Story which you have interrupted.---The Hero and the Huſband met, the former not content with

with declaring,---exulted in his Guilt. But his Triumph was of ſhort Date---a home Thruſt drove his indignant Soul from her frail Tenement, to the great Mortification of all the Men of Frolic and Pleaſure of the Age.

Lucius (for that is the Huſband's Name) after a long Conflict in his Boſom between Juſtice and Mercy, Tenderneſs and Rage, reſolved, what never could have been thought on by an *Italian* Huſband, and very ſeldom is practiſed by an *Engliſh* one---to pardon his Wife---conceal her Crime, and preſerve her, if poſſible, from utter Deſtruction.---But the Gates of Mercy were opened in vain---The Offender refuſed Forgiveneſs---becauſe ſhe had offended: The Luſt of Gaming had abſorbed all other Deſires. She ſtill plays on, while her *eaſy* Lord is haſtening by a quick Decay to that Place, where "THEY ARE NEITHER MARRIED NOR GIVEN IN MARRIAGE. Execrable *Murdereſs*, for ſuch ſhe *doubly* is, exclaimed the Student! How can ſhe appear in Public? How wear that ſmile upon her Face? Hath Conſcience entirely deſerted her?---Only nods a little, that is all, replied the *Dæmon*, it will ſoon wake and ſting her into Horrors.

rors. When that Carnation Bloom, (as ſhortly it will,) hath left her Cheeks, and thoſe Eyes that now ſhine ſo bright, are become weak and languid, what a deſpicable Creature muſt ſhe be, without Innocence, or Peace of Mind to comfort her? But no more of this.

. . . . . .

Observe that well-dreſſed Gentleman, with what Philoſophy he loſes his Money to the Lady that ſits over-againſt him?---But ſee he riſes---his Stock is now exhauſted, and he muſt raiſe Contributions on the Public for more; the Stage Coaches that ſet out early in the Morning muſt repay him.---Is it poſſible he can be a Highwayman? cried *Eugenio*. Yes, Yes, ſaid his Companion, there are many more Gentlemen of his Profeſſion in the Room. To ſay Truth, their Caſe is ſomething hard; the Road often favours them beyond their moſt ſanguine Expectations, and the Gaming-Table as conſtantly fleeces them: Till at laſt ſome of the *braveſt* moſt *generous* Men the Nation produces, are reduced to the perplexing Dilemma of making their *Exit* by the Hands of the common Hangman, or (which is much more polite) by their own. Does the Lady he played with ſuſpect his Employ-

Employment, ſaid the Student?---Her Suſpicion is loſt in Certainty, returned *Aſmodeus*, ſhe is too well acquainted with the Town, not to know how a great many *Gentlemen* without *Fortunes*, live upon their *Means*. To be plain, ſhe is as great a Cheat as he is a Thief; having been debauched at the Age of Fourteen, by one of the circumciſed Race, (who had retired into the Country, with an Eſtate of half a Million, which he had procured in a few Years, with the Bleſſing of Providence and his own Induſtry;) by a Twelve-months Cohabitation, ſhe had ſo far imbibed his Principles, that ſhe thought proper to make uſe of falſe Keys, and finger a conſiderable Quantity of his favourite Gold; ſhe ſoon after diſmiſſed herſelf from her Keeper's Service, and came up to Town with a handſome Retinue, compoſed of broken Sharpers, who determined to ſtand another Trial before they gave out.---Madam, with the Aſſiſtance of her Colleagues, and the Caſh ſhe had purloined from the *Jew*, was enabled to take an handſome Houſe at this Part of the Town.---Her worthy Friends having given her Inſtructions for her Behaviour, and furniſhed her with the *immortal* Mr. *Hoyle*'s moſt *excellent* Treatiſes

Treatiſes on Gaming, reported it Abroad, that ſhe was a *Yorkſhire* Widow with a very large Jointure, who never before had ſeen the Town.---The Bait was ſucceſsful, and the Gudgeons were taken---People of the beſt Quality conſtantly were her Viſitors, and as did ſhe not want Beauty, amorous Puppies of all Sorts, paid their Addreſſes to the imaginary Goddeſs, who pretending to be fond of Cards, received very large Contributions from her Admirers, who took a Pleaſure in parting with their Money to ſo rich a Lady, fondly hoping it would ſoon be their own again.---They all offered her Marriage, and were civilly denied, in a Manner that gave an Addition to their Expectations. By theſe Means ſhe hath acquired a handſome Fortune, and as ſhe had the good Luck never to be ſuſpected of an Intreague, is looked upon as a Prodigy of Virtue at this Part of the Town.

Qui vult decipi decipiatur, is, I find, the Maxim, which theſe Sort of People lay down as inviolable, ſaid *Eugenio*, if theſe are the People of Faſhion and Taſte, may Retirement and Obſcurity be ever my Lot. But you have not told me, my kind Monitor, the Name of that meagre Perſon

Perſon, on whoſe Countenance Want and Deſpair ſeem to ſit; methinks too he is but meanly dreſſed in Compariſon with his gaudy Company. That, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, *was* the gay, the gallant, the agreeable *Florio*, firſt in the Box, the Ring, and Mall. He *is* now many Degrees worſe than nothing, having ſquandered away an almoſt princely Eſtate, in one eternal Round of Vice and Folly, he is obliged to live on the Aſſiſtance he receives from the very Men who cauſed him to ruin his Fortune, and ſhared the Plunder.—He hath juſt now received Subſcriptions, for publiſhing a Treatiſe he hath written, which endeavours to prove the Mortality of the Soul, and is dedicated to the moſt beautiful Woman now living. It is thought this Performance, will in ſome Meaſure, retrieve his Affairs, as People of Quality are very deſirous of being aſſured, that when dead, they ſhall ſhare the Fate of their Dogs and Monkies—*wiſely* giving up all Pretenſions to another World, ſo they may be permitted to gratify their Appetites and Paſſions in this.—Good Heavens! is it poſſible there is a Wretch who diſbelieves the Exiſtence of a God? cried the Student. There is not, anſwered his

Companion, the Gentlemen who dignify themſelves with the Title of *Free Thinkers*, endeavour to diſbelieve, but their Efforts are vain.——View a *pretended* Atheiſt on his Death-bed, and your Indignation will be ſoon turned into Compaſſion, when you ſhall hear him in the Agonies of Deſpair, cry out for Mercy from that Supreme Power, whoſe Exiſtence he hath denied. Where then is his fallacious Reaſoning? His boaſted Philoſophy? His Contempt of Death? Can all the quaint ſuperficial Arguments of *Tindal*, *Hobbes*, *Toland*, and *Collins*, the abuſive *No-Reaſoning* of the contemptible *Woolſton*, or the vain Bluſterings, and abſurd Dogmas of the reſtleſs factious *Bolingbroke*, firſt a Traytor to his King, and then to his God, afford him Comfort? To ſuch a Man how terrible are his laſt Hours, the Wretch upon the Rack is at Eaſe when compared to him. But we have ſeen enough of this Aſſembly, let me introduce you to another, different only in this, that no Ladies are ſuffered to enter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Where the Reader may take a View of a certain Chocolate-Houſe.

OBSERVE that ſpacious Room, *Eugenio*, hung round with Looking-Glaſſes of an enormous Size. How it is crowded! Here the young Nobility and Gentry, not leſs the Hopes of *Britain*, than *Marcellus* was of *Rome*, meet. —Here too the Aged and Infirm worn out with Cares and endleſs Vigils, for the *Service of their Country*, come to view the young *Senators* and *Patriots*, who ſoon muſt puſh them off the Stage.

OBSERVE that Youth covered with a rich Brocade, viewing himſelf in the Glaſs. How Joy ſparkles in his Eyes! He ſeems not to touch the Ground as he ſwims along.—Certainly, ſaid *Eugenio*, he poſſeſſes that Happineſs the Philoſophers in vain ſought for in every Age. Perhaps he hath juſt now raiſed ſome worthy indigent Perſon from the rough Gripe of Poverty, and reſtored him to the World again.--Hath he given a beautiful, friendleſs, helpleſs Orphan a Portion, and

preſerved her from Proſtitution, or—— Ha! ha! exclaimed the *Dæmon*, upon my Word, Friend, you are very much out in your Conjectures.---That is *Claudio*, who married a young Lady of Beauty and Fortune, and had the good Luck to break her Heart within the half Year. After her Deceaſe he commenced Gameſter, and has been duped by every Sharper in Town. His Lands were mortgaged, his Timber ſold, and his Steward run away with the Money, before he perceived he was ruined.---A Fit of Deſpair ſeized him, but it laſted not long.—— He applied to the Miniſtry.——They were in want of a Man who would make no Scruple of ſacrificing his Country, and his Conſcience. A *Corniſh* Borough was ordered to return him to * * *. He implicitly obeyed the Dictates of his Maſters, and an handſome Penſion was the Price of his Honour and Liberty—— Yet hath this Slave the Impudence to boaſt of Freedom.

WHAT a Number of Stars and Garters are got in a Cluſter together! cried *Eugenio*; certainly ſome glorious Action will ſoon take Birth. Perhaps they are conſulting to eaſe their Country from ſome

of

of the moſt oppreſſive Taxes, or planning ſalutary Laws to depreſs Vice and Immorality.——It muſt be ſo! for ſee they break up, and Joy appears in every Countenance!——And well it may, anſwered *Aſmodeus*; they have juſt now finiſhed the Subſcription for the *Italian* Operas that are to be performed next Winter. How their *honeſt* Souls rejoice to think, they ſhall once again hear harmonious Nonſence, warbled from an Eunuch's Throat, in a Language they do not underſtand. They prefer the Scraping of a foreign Fiddle, to all the Beauties of Poetry in their own Tongue, aided by Muſic that would not diſgrace the greateſt ancient Maſters of that Art. The *L'Allegro* and *Penſeroſo* of your own *Milton*, are Proofs of what I aſſert.—— There was a Time, when the Great and Opulent were the Patrons of Merit; when the homely Compoſitions of *Shakeſpeare*, *Johnſon* and *Fletcher*, were the Delight of all Degrees of the People. But thoſe Days are paſt, and Reaſon muſt give Place to Sound.

Observe that Place thronged with Gameſters and Betters. How Joy, Hope, Fear, Rage, and Deſpair, alternately take Poſſeſſion

Poſſeſſion of every Face. Weep *Britain*, weep! for there thy trueſt Friend and ableſt Senator, neglects thy Welfare and his own. Hemmed in by Sharpers and Raſcals——But no more.——Ultimate Perfection is what Mortality can never reach.

THAT ill-looking Slave, cried *Eugenio*, how he cringes and fawns upon that Star and Garter! the great Man too, puts a Piece of Paper in his Hand!——Two Thouſand Pounds only, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, the Price of Perjury.——You know him, I fear, too well.——But let him go with Infamy and Reproach his conſtant Attendants.——And ſee his Coadjutor appears, and addreſſes the ſame Perſon, Noble indeed by his Titles.——How kind a Look his Lordſhip vouchſafes to caſt upon him! O worthy * * * *, worthy ſuch a Patron, proceed great Man! whether a *Divine*, or a *Retailer* of *Ale*, proceed! Diſcover Plots of thy own inventing.——Abuſe each good and worthy Name, and know no other God but thy Intereſt.

Theſe are thy Triumphs thy Exploits, O! * * * *

the

THE Shade of OATES, rejoices at the growing Glory of his adopted Son, and with Pleaſure hears a grateful People, unanimouſly confer upon him the *ſacred* Title of DIGNIFIED INFORMER. Bluſh, bluſh, ye *Beaufords*, *Weſtmorelands*, *Kings*, and *Huddesford*, that ſuch a Man could be your Foe.

OBSERVE that old Gentleman looking on the Gameſters---thoſe Heaps of Money that are counted out on the Table by him, he lends to the Loſers at the moderate Intereſt of 50 *per Cent.* and by thoſe means hath accumulated an immenſe Fortune—he retires—let us follow him. I fear he intends to find me ſome Employment.—It is ſo—he enters his Appartment—the Piſtol in his Hand is loaded—he places it to his Head, and is now no more. Give me your Hand, *Eugenio*, quick let us deſcend, for I muſt convey the illuſtrious Shade to the dreary Manſions——that Labour performed, I will viſit you again; till then Farewell.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Contains an Account of ſeveral Tranſactions in the Quality End of the Town.

THE *Dæmon Aſmodeus*, had not left the Student *Eugenio*, an Hour, when he returned. Come my new Acquaintance, ſaid the Fiend, let us aſcend yon high Pinnacle, and take a View of the Tranſactions beneath.——You have ſeen the Fate of Gameſters, let us now behold a Scene not quite ſo moving.

OBSERVE that Prelate faſt aſleep in in his Bed. How loud he ſnores!—But examine the Garret, what do you ſee there? I ſee what is a Scandal to a Chriſtian Nation, anſwered *Eugenio*, *a Clergyman* in a very ragged Plight, ſtudying very earneſtly. He is now compoſing, continued the *Dæmon*, a Diſcourſe that will do Honour to his Religion and his Country.——The Prelate is appointed to preach To-morrow before an illuſtrious Houſe, and will doubtleſs receive their Thanks for his Chaplain's Sermon. *Sic vos non Vobis*, ſaid the Student. But is it conſonant to his Lordſhip's Charity and Character,

Character, to ſuffer the Man whoſe Writings he appropriates to himſelf, to go unrewarded.—*Unrewarded*, exclaimed *Aſmodeus*, why the Man has *only* a Wife and ten Children, and his Lordſhip allows him twenty Pounds a Year to keep him from ſtarving, upon the Account of a long Acquaintance.——They were both bred up at the ſame College; *Hebes*, for that is the Prelate's Name, ſpent all his Time over Ale and Tobacco. Being Heir to a patrimonial Eſtate of two hundred Pounds *per Annum*, Fortune who commonly beſtows her Favours upon thoſe who have the leaſt need of them, bleſſed him with an handſome Siſter, whoſe Beauty attracting the Eyes of a great Man, ſoon preferred the Brother to a Biſhoprick.——As roſe *Marlborough*, ſo roſe *Hebes*.——*Varro*, his Friend, who had nothing to depend upon but his Induſtry, perſued his Studies with the utmoſt Severity, and at length obtained a Fellowſhip of thirty Pounds a Year. He ſoon after with an Ingenuity, not uncommon to Academics, married a young Lady of Beauty and Merit, without one Farthing Portion; loſt his Fellowſhip, and was reduced to the utmoſt Straights, when his old Friend thinking him of

Uſe, compaſſionately took him into his Service.

Observe in the next Houſe, a young well-dreſſed Gentleman in an amorous Diſpute with his Maid. He has been married three Weeks, and was ſo exceſſive fond of his Lady before he enjoyed her, that being refuſed by her Father, who had promiſed her to another, he ran his Rival through the Body, and at laſt carried her off with an armed Force, as ſhe was paying a Viſit with the old Gentleman, to a diſtant Relation: But my Lady repays him in his own Coin, and is this Moment in the Arms of an Officer of the Guards, at a noted Bagnio. O Hymen thou Son of Bacchus! cried *Eugenio*.— Huſh, huſh, interruped *Aſmodeus*, Matrimony is diſcountenanced enough by your Superiors without your Aſſiſtance; tho' in my Opinion, a certain celebrated Treatiſe in Folio, was not ſo much intended to encourage Fornication, as to **** Hark in your Ear **** It is dangerous in ſome Countries, even for me, to ſpeak the Truth, leſt it ſhould be deemed a Libel; for a *living* Lawyer is an Over-match for twenty Devils.

In the corner Houſe, ſee yon old miſerly Chuff, who has ſtarved himſelf theſe fifty Years, and denied his Family the Neceſſaries of Life, counting over his immenſe Maſs of Money. Enjoy it old Man! feaſt thy Sight with it! for this is the laſt Time thou ſhalt ever behold it more. His Nephew, who is his next Heir, has conveyed a Doſe of Poiſon into the Sack-whey he drinks before he goes to Bed, and To-morrow will be Maſter of all his Wealth, and if I miſtake not, will ſoon diſſipate the hoarded Angels.

Bless me! cried *Eugenio*, what gentle Screams are thoſe, which ſeem to be uttered by a Perſon in Diſtreſs, who has no Mind to be relieved? Turn your Eyes, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, to yonder Houſe—— You behold there a young Lady who has been married this Morning, horrid Thought! obliged to endure the Embraces of her Huſband. *Modeſt* Creature! Her Father's Butler two Years ago, let her know what ſhe was to expect.

Hark! the Voice of Merriment is under yonder Roof. Joy appears in every Face, particularly in that of a young Lady of Sixteen, who has this Morning

been married, I mean ſacrificed, to an old Fellow of Sixty. Whether the Bride breeds or not, the old Gentleman's Head ſtands fair to have Iſſue.——Good Heavens! cried *Eugenio!* What unaccountable Madneſs! Certainly the young Lady was forced into this Match by the Severity of an imperious Father.——No ſuch thing, anſwer the *Dæmon*, her Fortune was but ſmall, the old Fellow is exceſſively Rich, and ſhe choſe rather to be a Wretch in State, than live happy with a decent Competence.

VIEW yonder old Gentleman, with his Legs wrapt up in Flannel. How impatient he ſeems! His Impatience occaſioned, I ſuppoſe by the excruciating Pangs, replied the Student. No, no, returned the Devil, you are miſtaken. *His Pangs are of the Soul.* To ſay Truth, he is a moſt unfortunate Fellow: Having acquired a large Fortune by Merchandize, ſome *Dæmon*, Foe to Peace, put it into his Head, that three emphatical Letters before his Name, would have a very pleaſing Sound. He purchaſed them at the Rate of one Hundred each. Here began his Misfortunes. His Wife, good Woman, who uſed to content herſelf with

with the old comfortable Way of Goſſiping and Scandal, being now made a Lady, inſiſted upon the Knight's leaving off Trade, and removing to the Court End of the Town. In vain he remonſtrated, ——Compliance was the only Road to Peace; for what Mortal can reſiſt the Force of female Charms? or (unleſs armed with a Crab-ſtick) of female Fury?——The Lady was ſoon introduced to ſome needy People of Quality, who pleaſed with the Opportunity drew her into Play, which occaſions frequent Draughts on Sir *Timothy*'s Coffers. Within theſe three Hours, he has (like an ill bred Cit as he is) been three Thouſand Times making an Offer of himſelf, Wife, and the Parſon who performed the Ceremony, to the Devil.

But yonder is a Sight indeed, ſaid *Eugenio*, a middle-aged Lady, regardleſs of Drums, Hurricanes, Routs and Operas, contemplating in her Cloſet. True, replied the Infernal, with Solomon, ſhe has tried all the Pleaſures of human Life, and found that all is Vanity, except her favourite Amuſement of getting drunk by herſelf.

Observe in that Tavern, two Gentlemen in close Talk. How earnestly they seem to argue, said *Eugenio*. Yes, answered *Asmodeus*, they are upon Business of Importance; they have matched their Horses, to run next Meeting at *Newmarket*, and are now disputing whose shall win. Then the Race is not to be decided, replied the Student, by the Strength and Swiftness of the Coursers, but by the Pleasure of the Owners. You are very right, returned the *Dæmon*, tho' sometimes the Riders, when it is to their Advantage, take in their Masters, (not out of a Principle of Honesty, I assure you) and deceive those who would have deceived all the Rest of the World.

Oh! I shall burst with Laughing, continued the Infernal. In the next House a Company of grave Personages are at Loggerheads.——They are a Consultation of Physicians, who have differed about the Case of an old Gentleman, whom they were sent for to relieve, and are deciding the Matter by Blows——but the Patient wisely resolving to take none of their Drugs, has departed this Life above this half Hour.

A Scene

A Scene of Diſtreſs I obſerve not far off, ſaid *Eugenio.*——An old Man gaſping for Breath, and I fear expiring: And, O Monſtrous! a young Fellow who ſtands by his Bedſide, inſtead of aſſiſting him, is plucking the Pillow from beneath his Head.——He is willing to haſten his Journey a little, anſwered the *Dæmon*, that is all. But the Rogue is confoundedly bit: He thinks to enjoy all his Eſtate; and ſo he would, had not the old Wretch reflecting upon his paſt Life, made a Will Yeſterday, and gave all his Fortune to public Hoſpitals; vainly hoping that the charitable Diſpoſal of his Riches when he could no longer uſe them, would make amends to Heaven, for a long Life of Villainy and Extortion.

But come *Eugenio*, it is Time to make a Viſit to the Theatres. If you pleaſe I will attend you. With all my Heart, replied the Student, I have heard much Talk of the favourite Actor, and ſhould be glad to ſee whether common Fame has done him Juſtice.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A short View of the Theatres of Drury-Lane *and* Covent-Garden.

THE Words were hardly out of the Students Mouth, when he found himself seated in *Drury-Lane* Theatre, with his Companion by his Side, invisible as before.——How the House is thronged! cried *Eugenio*; what a brilliant Company of Ladies have taken Possession of the Boxes! You have not told me, my Friend, what the Play is: But certainly Mr. *Garrick* must appear in one of his best Characters, To-night, to draw such a Company together. *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth*, I would venture a Wager. Then you would certainly lose, answered his Companion To-night is to be performed the most barefaced baudry Farce, (for it does not deserve the Name of a Comedy) that ever disgraced the Stage; in which the Manager, who has caused it to be revived, is to perform the principal Part. The Play, Sir, is called THE CHANCES, written by the witty and wicked Duke of *Buckingham*, and this is the tenth Night of its Representation to crammed

crammed Houſes, which have amply rewarded the Manager, for his ſucceſsful Endeavours to corrupt and deprave the Morals of the People. Is it poſſible, replied *Eugenio*, if the Play is as bad as you deſcribe it, that *Women* who have the leaſt Pretenſions to Modeſty, dare be ſeen at it? Oh, anſwered the *Dæmon*, to the Honour of your fair Countrywomen, be it ſpoken, they are to an immoderate Degree fond of the moſt fulſome Obſcenity upon the Stage, and will not ſuffer a Bluſh to take Poſſeſſion of their Cheeks, while they are attending to Scenes that would diſgrace the Stews. What can we think of the Audience? And what can we think of the Manager? ſaid *Eugenio*, ſurely he muſt have played his *Lear's* and *Hamlets* to empty Houſes, and is obliged to have reſource to theſe extraordinary Proceedings, to pay his Expences. I remember to have read with Pleaſure, the Prologue, written by an excellent Poet, which Mr. *Garrick* himſelf ſpoke upon the Stage, at his firſt commencing Manager; if you will give me leave, I will repeat Part of the Lines to you, which I am afraid he has entirely forgot.—The *Dæmon* nodded Aſſent, and the Student proceeded.

The Wits of Charles *found eaſy Ways to Fame,*
Nor wiſh'd for Johnson's *Art, or* Shakespeare's *Flame;*
Themſelves they ſtudied, as they felt they writ,
Intreague was Plot, Obſcenity was Wit,
Vice always found a ſympathetic Friend;
They pleaſed their Age, and did not wiſh to mend.
Yet Bards like theſe aſpired to laſting Praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future Days.
Their Cauſe was gen'ral, their Support was ſtrong,
Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the Poſt that Senſe betray'd;
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid.

Eugenio having concluded, *Aſmodeus* ſmiling anſwered, this very Man who at the Beginning of his Reign, complained in ſharp Terms againſt his Rival, for performing Pantomimes, ſoon after introduced them upon his own Stage. In one Word, Friend, let the Reſolutions of Men be as good and as ſtrong as they will, it is an Hundred to one, but the *ſacred* Luſt of Gold will break through and deſtroy them——though the Ways to the Temple of Plutus are thorny and rugged, yet how many diſregard Danger and Difficulty, and boldly pierce to its inmoſt Receſſes.—But are not theſe Adventurers, ſaid the Student, ſometimes obliged to leave their Conſcience

ſcience and Honour behind them?—And a good Riddance too, replied the Infernal, for Men who are reſolved to be rich, cannot have greater Clogs upon them.—But you do not attend to my Diſcourſe. Ha! *Eugenio*, I ſee where your Eyes are fixed: The Man that enters this Place, may truly be ſaid to run into Temptation. That Lady you ſeem ſo much to admire is—a Lady of exquiſite Beauty, And I don't doubt but her Virtue is proportionable, returned the Student, with ſome Shortneſs. What beautiful Breaſts! What a Neck! What Eyes! How happy muſt that Man be who can call ſo beautiful a Creature his own!——Good Sir, a Truce with your Raptures one Moment, if you pleaſe, interrupted *Aſmodeus*. That beautiful Creature, as you call her, hath been upon the Town theſe two Years, and in that Space above a Dozen Times under the Surgeons Hands. Her Complexion is owing to Paint, and her Shape to Bolſters, which it is impoſſible for mortal Eyes to perceive at this Diſtance; ſhe is now at the Age of Eighteen ſinking into the Grave, overwhelmed with Diſeaſes. —So little Credit ought to be given to Appearances.—Thoſe Wretches that ſit round her are of the ſame Stamp, and unleſs they meet with a young Fellow

who without regard to his Health or Fortune, will treat them at the Tavern, notwithſtanding their gay Looks, muſt go Supperleſs to Bed. Are all then in that Box Proſtitutes? cried *Eugenio.* How are they to be diſtinguiſhed from Women of Virtue? Not by their Dreſs I will aſſure you, returned *Aſmodeus*; for it is at preſent, the Faſhion for Ladies of Quality, to ape the Dreſs and Behaviour of the Inhabitants of the Stews, as much as in their Power. Naked Breaſts and Shoulders, and ſhort Petticoats ſeem to foretell, that they will ſoon return to the ancient Cloathing worn by their Grandmother *Eve*, before ſhe ſewed the Fig-leaves together.

But come *Eugenio*, let us leave this thriving Houſe, and viſit the almoſt abandoned one, at *Covent-Garden*, whoſe Manager is in every Reſpect, directly oppoſite the Owner of this: For he is indolent, careleſs, and generous, bullied by his Actors, continually forming Schemes, and never putting them in Execution. To-Night a new Play is to be performed there, which will certainly be damned, or what is worſe, left to expire in an empty Houſe, for two very good Reaſons.

—Firſt,

—Firſt, becauſe it is a Work of Merit, and ſecondly, becauſe it is not perform-ed at *Drury-Lane.* Lay hold on my Skirts, we are now at the Theatre, look round and make your Obſervations.—I cannot help obſerving, that in the firſt Place you have choſen a wrong Epithet for this Place, ſaid *Eugenio,* when you called it *abandoned.* I had ſome Reaſon for calling it ſo, anſwered his Companion, To-morrow Night there will not be ten People in the Pit, which is now ſo crowded. The firſt Night of a new Play, the Critics who wait with Impatience, like Vultures for a falling Carcaſe, are ſure to fill the Houſe.—Are thoſe you call Critics, replied the other, really Men of *Judgment*—I fear too many uſurp that reſpectable Name, which originally had a very different Import, from what it now hath. In the modern Lexicons I fear it will be explained by *an ignorant Caviller.* And very juſtly too, ſaid *Aſmodeus,* for amongſt the Crowd below, there are not twenty Perſons who are proper Judges of the Beauties or Defects of a Play: And what is more to be lamented, thoſe who are, pay the Tribute of Applauſe, not with their Hands but

with

with their Hearts. For Blockheads only approve or condemn with Vociferation.

Good Heavens, what a Noiſe of Catcalls, Hiſſing, Hollowing and Fighting, cried the Student. Are theſe the Men who are to be Judges of a poetical Performance? If I read them aright, they would appear with much greater Propriety in a Bear Garden. But are thoſe who ſit in the Pit, what they appear to be by their Dreſs?—No indeed, Sir, returned the *Dæmon*, the Jays ſhine To-night with borrowed Feathers. Moſt of the laced Hats, fine Cloaths and Swords, muſt To-morrow Morning be returned to *Monmouth-Street*, to their reſpective Owners; and the Hackney-writers, Prentices, Coblers, Butchers, and Pickpockets, who have them now in Poſſeſſion, return to their ſeveral Employments.

If you are willing, *Eugenio*, we will take leave of the *dying*, (for it is impoſſible this Play can live upon the Stage, with ſuch Brutes for its Judges) and viſit the ſuperb *Mauſoleums* of the *Dead*. But before you go, ſummon all your Reſolution to your Aid, for fooliſh Mortals tremble at the Sight of thoſe thin Shades, whoſe Company they ſoon muſt join.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Weſtminſter-Abbey, *Ghoſts and Monuments.*

THE *Dæmon* having conveyed his Acquaintance to the Abbey, was obliged to treat him as *Michael* treated *Adam.*

From his Eyes the Film removed,
To purge with Euphraſy and Rue
The viſual Nerve, for he had much to ſee.

That Operation performed, *Eugenio* ſhuddered with Horror at the Number of Ghoſts he ſaw walking up and down the Place; when *Aſmodeus* began thus: Obſerve that young and majeſtic Shade over whoſe Brows hangs an aerial Crown which yet muſt never drop on them. How penſive he ſtands with his Arms acroſs—and ſee a Tear ſeems to drop from his Eye; yet it is not his own Fate he laments, but his diſconſolate Family and mourning Subjects, from whom he was ſnatched in the Prime of his Years, amidſt his darling Schemes of promoting the Happineſs, and ſecuring the Welfare of his loving and beloved People. Greateſt

eſt and beſt of Princes! cried *Eugenio*, is it poſſible that Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, Juſtice, Clemency, and Mercy, in ſhort, every Virtue that could adorn one, we vainly hoped, born to reign over a free and grateful People, could not preſerve him a few Years longer from the Grave! How juſt are the Words of a Poet now amongſt theſe Ghoſts applied to him,

Ne'er to theſe Chambers where the mighty reſt,
Since their Foundation came a nobler Gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the Bowers of Bliſs convey'd
A fairer Spirit, or more welcome Shade.

To give the Virtuous dead their due Praiſe, ſaid the *Dæmon*, is the Duty of every generous Mind.—To lament them is Folly.

TAKE Notice of yon ſtern Figure burſting from his Sepulchre.—How Formidably he frowns.—In his very Looks he upbraids the Degeneracy of the Age.—And ſee he points to the *Fleur de Lis* on his Shield, and ſeems to ſay "BRITONS REMEMBER CRESSI."

BUT

BUT turn your Eyes, from Kings and Princes, who are no more ſecured from the Stroke of Death, than the meaneſt Hind, and obſerve yonder Spirit looking with Indignation upon his Monument; in truth he has Cauſe to be angry, for it was raiſed to his Memory through the Vanity of a great Man, who would never afford him one Farthing to keep him from ſtarving whilſt he was alive.

ANOTHER poetical Shade is contemplating his own Buſt, with as much Pleaſure, as the other with Reſentment. This Perſon left by Will the Sum of five hundred Pounds, to be expended in a Monument, reſolving to do himſelf that Juſtice, it is more than probable an ungrateful Land would have denied him. Such is human Vanity, which ends not with Life but flatters even on the Tombs.

WITH what Sorrow does yonder Ghoſt read the pompous lying Inſcription on his Sepulchre, which has beſtowed upon him numberleſs Virtues which he never poſſeſſed! *Viro Nobiliſſimo, Digniſſimo, Optimo.* Can any Satire wound ſo deep as a Panegyrick on a worthleſs Man?

WITH what Scorn thoſe two who met accidentally, avoid each other.——They were Father and Son.——The former, was diſpatched hither by the latter, whom he bred a Phyſician, for living too long. But he did not ſurvive him a Fortnight, Death cut him off ſhort, as he was promiſing Immortality to a rich Patient.

THE next Monument is that of an Actreſs, who having often perſonated Queens and Princeſſes upon the Stage, was judged by her Admirers, worthy to mingle her Duſt with theirs.

WHAT abſurd Vanity, ſaid *Eugenio!* But to whom belongs that Magnificent Tomb on the Right-hand? That, replied his Companion, is one Monument (I wiſh I could produce more) of *Britiſh* Prudence and *Britiſh* Gratitude.——It was erected to the Memory of a Hero, who loſt his Life in a Sea-fight to preſerve his Admiral's, and maintain the Glory of his Country. I believe we ſhall not ſee another erected upon the ſame Account in Haſte.

SEE where lies the greateſt Philoſopher the World ever produced. His Name will be reverenced by the Learned of every Nation, and his Works will remain, as long as the Orbs, whoſe Courſe he traced, ſhall continue to move. I will open the Tomb, and ſhow you the mighty Remainder of human Greatneſs——there——it is Duſt.

NOT far off, under that ſuperb Monument lies interred a General, Orator, Philoſopher and Courtier, and what is ſtill more wonderful, *an uncorrupted Stateſman*; whoſe Life was a Series of great and good Actions; whoſe Death would not have diſgraced a *Socrates*.

TAKE Notice of that Figure of a Lady weeping! her Breaſt, when living, was as cold as her Statue; nor could it be warmed by the moſt ardent Vows and Sighs of her Lovers, till having paſt her fortieth Year, with the Purity of a Veſtal, ſhe formed a Reſolution to be uſeful in her Generation, and accordingly married her Coachman; but the Ceremony was ſcarce performed, when Death laid his icy Hand upon her, and ſent her to ſleep with her Fore-fathers.

WHAT a clumsey Heap of Stones is that next, said *Eugenio*, enough to disgrace a *Gothique* Cathedral. It is the resting Place of an old rich Miser, answer'd *Asmodeus*, who drinking Water, to save the Expence of better Liquor, when he was warm, was seized with a violent Fever; in his Extremity he made a thousand Vows and Protestations to amend his Life, and restore what he had unjustly amassed, if ever he should recover. His Vows was heard, and his Health returned; But instead of Amendment, he was more rapacious than ever, till at last Providence resolving to rid the World of a Monster, cut him off as he was putting his Hand to a Mortgage, and saved a whole Family from Ruin.

ON the Left-hand is interred a young Nobleman, of whose growing Virtues the World had the greatest Expectations; and he would have fulfilled them, had his Life been of longer Date; but going into a Tavern one Evening along with his most intimate Acquaintance, and drinking pretty freely, a Dispute arose concerning the Orthography of a Word, which terminated in the Death of them both.

Such

Such are the bleſſed Effects of Drinking to Exceſs.

THE next Monument is a very great Rarity, and was erected by the Miniſtry, to a deceaſed Patriot, who in Spite of all the profitable Employments they could offer him, with the forcible Eloquence of a *Demoſthenes*, confounded their Schemes, and open'd the Eyes of the Nation. His Vanity at laſt prompted him to accept of a Peerage, and he was Dumb for ever after. So near Truth is the famous Obſervation, '*that every Man has his Price*, which would be eſtabliſhed as an infallible Maxim, did not a BARNARD live to contradict it.

WITH what Contempt that Couple of Spirits ſurvey each other! the one was a Beau, who ſpent all his Time in Dancing, Singing, and Dreſſing, till Death, who purpoſely put on the Form of a beautiful young Lady, danced away with him in the Middle of a Minuet.

THE other was an Alderman, who killed himſelf by over-eating at a Lord Mayor's Feaſt, and was placed here by his own Order, to check the Vanity of

of his Daughter who had married a Lord.

WHAT do I ſee! ſaid *Eugenio*, Cannons, Muſquets, Swords and Spears—I that muſt be the Monument of a Warrior.——That, returned the *Dæmon*, belongs to a General, who in ſeveral Campaigns never loſt one Battle; and indeed to do him Juſtice, I cannot tell how it was poſſible he ſhould, for he never could prevail upon himſelf, to run the Hazard of one.

BUT yonder is a Sight indeed, a ſuperb and elegant Marble, erected by a moſt diſconſolate Huſband, to the Memory of his dear departed Wife. View the Inſcription—how laviſh he is in her Praiſe.—How tenderly he laments her Loſs.—Such Inſtances of conjugal Affection are not very common: but our Wonder at this will a little abate, if we reflect that ſhe lived but three Days after the Prieſt had joined their Hands.

ÆTERNÆ MEMORIÆ SACRUM, Aye of a Scoundrel, continued *Aſmodeus*. This Fellow had formed a Deſign to extirpate the female Sex from the Earth. He poiſoned

poiſoned ſix Wives, and intended the ſame Favour to the ſeventh, but ſhe luckily eſcaped, and ſoon after gave him his Paſport to the other World, in a Glaſs of Rheniſh.

WELL my good Friend, interrupted the Student, we have ſeen enough here.—Let us, if you pleaſe, ſhift the Scene and move to another Quarter. But before we go tell me the Name of yon meagre Shade. He was a Man of very great Merit, ſaid *Aſmodeus*, and he was rewarded for it.—His Works were univerſally applauded, and he himſelf periſhed for Want. He was placed here not long ſince, by a Man who was deſirous of purchaſing Immortality at the cheap Rate of two hundred Pounds, which was laid out in carving the Poet's Buſt, and his own Name at the Bottom.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A very ſhort View of the celebrated Academy of Newgate.

LET us now, ſaid *Aſmodeus*, enter the City, and take a Survey of the Priſoners in *Newgate*. There, what do you think now? Think, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, why I believe I am no longer in the upper World, but have entered the infernal Regions. What Oaths! What Blaſpheming! What a Claſhing of Chains! For Heaven's Sake let us retire, the very Air is infectious and pregnant with Diſtempers. Not in ſuch haſte Friend, replied the *Dæmon*, you forget ſure that this is an Epitome of my own Country. It is Hell in Miniature.

BUT lookin yonder Cell.—A dreadful Sight moſt certainly, ſaid the Student, I ſee a poor Wretch loaded with Chains, ſtretched at his length upon the Earth, beating his Breaſt in the utmoſt Agonies of Deſpair, and a Woman lying dead by his Side.—What is the Meaning of this? The Man, anſwered his Inſtructor, was an induſtrous young Tradeſman, who married

married the Woman you ſee dead by him, and has had by her five Children now living. Never was a more affectionate Couple.—But unavoidable Misfortunes in Trade, and the Severity of his inhuman Creditors, ſoon reduced him to want Bread. Unable to bear the piercing Sight of Wife and Children who were periſhing; in the utmoſt Diſtraction of Mind, he loaded his Piſtols and robbed an old Miſer of about a dozen Shillings. He was ſoon taken, tried and condemned, and is to be executed To-morrow. His Wife who came to take her laſt Leave of him, expired in his Arms, and the Pariſh is to take care of their Children. But is this Juſtice? ſaid *Eugenio*; if it is, how near is rigid Juſtice akin to Cruelty? or can thoſe who thus ſend an almoſt innocent Man to Death, have any Bowels? O thou eternal Being! wer't thou to judge each Action of thoſe Men, with the ſame Severity they have uſed to this poor Wretch, unleſs thy boundleſs Mercy interpoſed, how dreadful would be their Portion!

None of your Exclamations, I beg of you, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, you forget you have a Devil in your Company.

——*Homo ſum,*
Nil Humani a me Alienum puto.

Might become the Mouth of a Heathen well enough, but it is what a modern Chriſtian would ſcorn to repeat.

In the next Cell is an intrepid Heroe, who hath for many Years raiſed Contributions in this Metropolis; Juſtice hath overtook him at laſt, but true as Steel, he reſolves to die with the ſame Reſolution he lived, and is drowning all Thoughts of Futurity in large Bumpers of Brandy.

Next to him you ſee, a young Woman, who was condemned at the ſame Time, for murdering her Baſtard Child; but having Youth and Beauty on her Side, ſhe hath juſt now received a Reprieve, and is locked faſt in the Embraces of the Turnkey.

The next is a Bailiff's Follower, who murdered a Perſon he had a Warrant to arreſt. It is true, he might have performed his Duty without Bloodſhed, as his unhappy Victim made no Reſiſtance; but he choſe effectually to ſecure his Priſoner, by knocking his Brains out. However,

ever, as he has the Honour of being a Limb of the Law, his Sentence will not be put in Execution.

OBSERVE that Youth fervently praying upon his Knees.—His Caſe is hard, but not ſingular.——He muſt ſuffer for a Crime he never committed. An old Jew being engaged in an amorous Conflict with an Inhabitant of *Drury*, loſt his Watch in the Diſpute. But not miſſing it till he came into the *Strand*, he ſeized this young Fellow, whoſe Misfortune it was to be walking cloſe by him, charged him with the Robbery, and upon the Trial ſwore poſitively he catched his Hand in his Pocket. Perjured, murdering Villain! cried *Eugenio*, if the Truth ſhould ever come to Light, muſt he not run diſtracted? Only ſhrug up his Shoulders, anſwered the other, cry he is ſorry, and return to his Bulls and Bears in *Change-Alley*.

TURN your Eyes into yonder Room, which ſeems too elegant for a Priſon. The Gentleman in Blue and Gold, who is drinking ſo merrily with his Friends, was commited for murdering a poor Watchman, in one of his drunken Frolics;

lics; but being a Man of Family and Fortune, he hath this Morning pleaded his Pardon.

LET us go, for I will not ſtay here one Moment longer, ſaid *Eugenio.*

THE MAN THAT SCREENS A VILLAIN, IS A PARTNER IN HIS CRIMES.

O *Aſtræa!* Once more deſcend to Earth, and teach our Rulers to ſpare the Innocent and puniſh the Wicked!

CHAP. VIII.

The Reader is conducted by an eaſy Tranſition from Newgate *to* Bedlam.

SINCE you forced me to leave *Newgate* ſo abruptly, ſaid *Aſmodeus*, I will be even with you, and introduce you to a Place, I dare ſay, you will like as little. We are now at *Bedlam*, where you are at Liberty to make your Obſervations and ſee what miſerable Spectacles the Lords of the Univerſe are, when deprived of their Senſes. Yet remember when you pity their Condition, that Vice and Folly

are

are often the Occaſions of their coming to this diſmal Place.

THE raving Creature in the firſt Cell is a Merchant, who had once acquired a Plumb and a Half in Trade, but loſing fifteen hundred Pounds on the Inſurance of a Ship, it hath turned his Brain even ſince.

THE young Woman next him, who is continually talking of Love, Flames, Darts, Sighs and Vows, is deſcended from antient Family in the Weſt of *England*, and was debauched by a young Nobleman, famous for Exploits of this Sort, who made her a Promiſe of Marriage which he never intended ſhould be performed, and her Senſes have paid the Price of her Folly.

THE young Fellow you ſee with his Arms acroſs, is certainly an happy Man. He ran Mad upon the Loſs of a Miſtreſs to whom he was betrothed, who married another; and he had a lucky Eſcape, for there is not ſuch another Termagnant in Hell.—Her unfortunate Huſband is continually imploring the Gods that he may change his Condition with the Lover.

HEY

HEY Day, ſaid *Eugenio*, What have we here, this is a Madman with a Vengeance! how ſwift he runs round the Room.—Now he ſtops ſuddenly and ſhakes his Head, while the Tears run down his Cheeks. That, Sir, ſaid the *Dæmon*, is a Poet, whom the Managers of the Theatries have driven hither, by refuſing to perform a Tragedy he had written. The Title is *The Death of Patroclus*, and he himſelf is now acting the Part of *Xanthus*, one of *Achilles*'s Horſes, which he intended to have introduced upon the Stage.

THE Hump-backed Lad next him was ſent here by the ſame Gentlemen, who would not permit him to act the Part of *Bevil* in the *Conſcious Lovers*.

THE grave Gentleman that walks ſo ſedately, is really to be pitied.—He was poſſeſſed of a plentiful Fortune, liberal to the Poor, and generous to his Friends. How came he in this Condition then, ſaid *Eugenio*. Cannot you tell? anſwered his Companion; methinks it is not hard to gueſs what drives moſt Men mad who are married.

TAKE

TAKE Notice in the next Cell of that Cobler ſtrutting along.—He exacts of every one that paſſes by him, the Title of my Lord.—His good Fortune was his Ruin;—having ſcraped together ten Pounds with hard Labour in the Space of twenty Years, he purchaſed a Lottery Ticket with the Money, and ſoon after found himſelf Maſter of ten thouſand Pounds, which was the Cauſe of his removal from his Stall to this Place.

THAT old Woman you ſee mounted upon a Joint-ſtool, and preaching to a crazy Audience, was a Follower of the Field-Preachers, who terrified her out of her Senſes, by threatning her with Hell and Damnation, for not contributing more than was in her Power, towards the Support of her godly Paſtors. It has long been Matter of Diſpute with me, ſaid *Eugenio*, whether thoſe Field-Preachers were not more Knaves than Fools. They have certainly moſt of the former in their Compoſition, replied the Infernal. However they may rant with an enthuſiaſtic Madneſs of Heaven and Hell, they always take Care to fill their own Pockets.

THE

THE next is an odd Sort of a Madman, who had both Learning and Genius; but a viſionary Turn of Mind and overſtudying, hath almoſt reduced him to the State of the Man recorded by *Horace*, who uſed to ſit alone in a Theatre, imagining he was hearing the moſt excellent Plays. This Gentleman believes he is among the Dead and converſing with *Plato*, *Socrates*, *Ariſtotle*, and all the far-famed Sages of Antiquity. In my Opinion his Lot is rather to be envied than pitied, nor do I believe, if he was to be reſtored to his Senſes, that he would thank the friendly Hand that worked his Cure.

THE next Object you ſee, is a Female, a Citizen's Wife, who ran diſtracted becauſe ſhe was refuſed Entrance in St. *James*'s on a Ball Night, and is now in Imagination the greateſt Dutcheſs in the Land.

IN the next Dwelling are the Remains of a City Beauty, who being ſeized with the Small-pox, deſired to view herſelf in a Looking-glaſs, and immediately, upon the Sight of her own Face, diſpatched her Senſes in Search of her fugitive Charms.

In the next Cell is a Lawyer, who made the laſt Will and Teſtament of an old Nobleman, when he was at the Point of Death, and by ſome ſtrange Fatality forgot to inſert his own Name.

Take Notice of yonder venerable Matron with a dead Animal in her Arms. This Heroine bore not only with Patience, but Reſignation, the Death of fourteen Huſbands, and at laſt ran diſtracted upon the Deceaſe of her favourite Monkey.

Near this Pattern of conjugal Affection is a Weaver, who was brought hither by being interrupted in the Midſt of an Oration at the *Robin Hood*, by the Baker's Hammer.

In the next Dungeon, lies the Body, (for the Soul is almoſt departed) of an eminent Phyſician, who being ſent for to his elder Brother, when he lay in the utmoſt Extremity, declared all human Aid was vain, and refuſed to preſcribe for him.—This ſaved his Life, for Nature having no Drugs to combat, recovered the Patient; yet by ſaving one Brother

his Life and Eſtate, ſhe occaſioned the other to loſe his Senſes.

THE next is a Naturaliſt, who is ſtill in Debate with himſelf, whether a Curioſity he unluckily found one Day upon the Top of a very high Hill, is a common Pumice-ſtone, or an Antediluvian human Excrement.

BUT we have ſeen enough of theſe unhappy Wretches; let us now, if you pleaſe, take a Survey of the City.

CHAP. IX.

A Survey of the City.——Whores, Pick-pockets and Authors.

BEHOLD from this Steeple, continued *Aſmodeus*, a Temple dedicated to *Venus*, whoſe venerable Prieſteſs is continually employed, in finding out Means to ſatisfy the Wants and Neceſſities of Youth. In plain *Engliſh*, it is a Brothel, where for the Value of Half a Piece, you may purchaſe Diſeaſes that will attend you to the Grave. Yet are the poor Wretches who are obliged to inhabit here, really to be pitied. That miſerable Object you ſee expiring on a Flock-

Flock-bed in the Garret, is the only Daughter of an old Baronet, who is poſſeſſed of a large Eſtate. Having unluckily a Heart too ſuſceptible of Love, ſhe married a young Fellow of no Fortune, who had privately paid his Addreſſes to her. The Father who before ſeemed paſſionately fond of his Daughter, upon the News, acted as moſt Fathers do when they are diſobliged; abſolutely refuſed to ſee, forgive, or ſuccour her; and the next Morning married his Cook-maid, and ſettled his whole Eſtate upon her. The Lovers ſtruggled a long Time with Want and Grief, till Death at length in Pity ſent the Huſband to Reſt. His Widow again applied to her *humane* Father; was refuſed Admittance, and —But let Humanity draw the Veil of Oblivion over her Errors. Let it ſuffice, that poor ſhrinking Virtue fled the Field, when Want cloathed in all its Terrors, ſtared her in the Face.

The Girl you ſee yonder, crying in the Corner, is juſt brought in to this *bleſſed* Manſion. Being very beautiful and deprived of both Father and Mother, ſhe was importuned a long Time by a young Gentleman, to ſubmit to his in-

ordinate Deſires; a large Settlement was offered her, but ſhe nobly refuſed it. He then offered Marriage; the Propoſal was accepted, and a ſham Parſon performed the Ceremony; but a Month's Cohabitation ſated the Hero, who after undeceiving her flung out of the Room, and left her without a Penny. The Maſter of the Houſe, who was entirely at the Devotion of his Landlord, arreſted her for the Rent. The Lady with whom ſhe now is, being purpoſely ſent by the Mock-huſband, compaſſionately paid the Debt, and carried her to her own Houſe.—It is eaſy to gueſs the Reſt.

THE Perſon you obſerve in the Arms of a rotten Strumpet, is an eminent Merchant, who has a virtuous loving Wife and ſeveral fine Children at Home; but his dirty groveling Soul prefers the feigned Embraces of a perfidious Harlot, to all the ſoft Endearments of a virtuous Love.

I AM amazed, ſaid *Eugenio*, to hear your Devilſhip ſpeak favourable of ONE Woman, for in ſeveral Parts of your Narration, methinks you have treated the Sex with Severity enough. It is impoſſible,

anſwered

anſwered *Aſmodeus*, even for a Fiend to reſiſt praiſing a good Woman whenever ſhe is found. In Juſtice to the Females, this I muſt ſay, " Though the Majority of them are Devils, they are generally Devils of Man's making."

In the next Room *Bacchus* and *Venus* are met together. See that Company of young Fellows with each his Doxey upon his Knee: How jovially they carouſe! They are 'Prentices and Journeymen to Tradeſmen not far off, and take Care to fleece their Maſters to maintain their Whores. Several of this worthy Society have been obliged to viſit foreign Parts, and others more daring, if my Skill fail not, will make their Appearance at a certain Tripod.

Are the Magiſtrates and their Officers ignorant of theſe infamous Houſes? ſaid the Student. To ſpeak Truth, replied the Infernal, the Magiſtrates *in this Part* are, but their Officers ſqueeze a good Livelyhood out of them, by viſiting the Owners once a Quarter, demanding Huſh-money, and making them promiſe to behave better for the future.

That

THAT antiquated *Meſſalina* in the next Room along with a Porter, is a Lady of Quality, who having exhauſted all her Servants, is compelled to make a Trial of the Frequenters of the Stews; but her Luſt is unconquerable, and ſhe returns to her own Houſe every Morning tired, but not ſatisfied.

I OBSERVE, ſaid *Eugenio*, in a Houſe at a ſmall Diſtance, which ſeems to be an Alehouſe, a Company of blackguard Fellows drinking in a little Room.—A Man comes in and gives them a Watch, and ſee they all get up in a Hurry and depart. The Man who came in, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, is a Watchman, who having conducted a Gentleman home, who was a little in Liquor, thought proper to pick his Pocket of his Watch: He has now been giving that Gang of Thieves (for ſuch they are) Intelligence of a Houſe he found left open by Negligence, and they are gone to rob it while the honeſt Guardian is going his Rounds.

WHAT a Quarrel is yonder, between a Whore and a Rogue, who go by the Name of Man and Wife; ſee ſhe has plunged

plunged a Knife in his Boſom: The tragic Effects of Gin and Jealouſy.

But yonder, is indeed, a humourous Scene, continued *Aſmodeus*, an old Fellow and his Servant quarrelling. The latter ſaved the Life of the former not half a Year ſince, by cutting him down (like a Fool as he was) when he had hanged himſelf in the Stable. His *generous* Maſter, being about to part with him, has deducted a Groat from the Fellow's Wages, for the Halter he cut in order to preſerve him.

In the Parlour of the ſpacious Houſe on the left Hand, is a young Nobleman, making his Addreſſes to a Merchant's Daughter. His great Soul condeſcends to mix his illuſtrious Blood with a Plebeian's, in order to recover his Eſtate which he has loſt at Play. The Lady fond of Title and Equipage, will now deſpiſe her Father's Clerk, and bear a Coronet and the Pox for Life.

In the next Houſe, is a Man talking in his Sleep. He is a Lawyer, who dreams that he is in the lower World, and making his Defence at the Bar of *Minos*. When he comes

comes there in earneſt, he will find the Practice of that Court different from any he ever ſaw in his Life.

NEAR him, is a Gentleman who has rid Poſt to Town, to procure his Pardon for killing a Man: He has not only obtained it, but is made a Juſtice of Peace, and has now in Imagination before him a poor Beggar, whom he is committing to Priſon for ſtealing a Raſher of Bacon.

IN the ſecond Story over the Juſtice lies a Perſon who has left his own Houſe, becauſe he fancied it was haunted, and taken a Lodging in this. He dreams every Night that the Devil is coming to fetch away his favourite Gold, and laſt Night when the black Gentleman had got the Bags in his Arms, he inſiſted upon going along with them where-ever they went.

WHAT Horror and Grief appear in the Looks of yonder young Fellow! He has dream't that his Father is come to Life again and demands his Eſtate.

PRAY *Aſmodeus*, do me the Favour to inform me who thoſe People are who

are

are Singing and Dancing ſo merrily. They are a Company of Beggars bred up in Lazineſs, who are enabled by the charitable Donations of well-diſpoſed Chriſtians, to ſpend every Night in Riot and Debauchery.

Stop *Aſmodeus*, ſaid *Eugenio*, do you not perceive it is almoſt Morning? Yes, anſwered the Infernal, for yon old Citizen who is drawing on his Boots, is to dine to Day at *Hammerſmith*, which is the longeſt Journey he ever went in his Life, and has compelled his Family to get up ſo early to accouter him for the Expedition.

In the next Bed is a young Lady of fifteen, who dreams that ſhe is metamorphoſed into Miſs *Danae*, and that *Jove* is deſcending thro' the Tiles in a Shower of Gold; this Dream is not ſo romantic as you may imagine, for ſee, her Father's Footman has juſt got to Bed to her, and as he is a ſtrong-backed Fellow, may prove a formidable Rival to the Thunderer.

Who is that Man, ſaid *Eugenio*, going out of his Houſe ſo early? He is, anſwer-

ed *Aſmodeus*, a Perſon worth remarking. He is ſuppoſed to be a Jeſuit by ſome of his Neighbours, by others a Highwayman, as he conſtantly appears well dreſſed, and has no viſible Way of Living. But what is he? ſaid *Eugenio*. He is, replied *Aſmodeus*, a Gentleman who has a very large Eſtate in the Country, but has lived privately many Years; the Buſineſs of his Life is to relieve Priſoners, and other Objects of Charity, and ſuccour unhappy Families who have fallen through Misfortunes to Decay.

THAT old Fellow ſneaking out of the Corner Houſe, is a Clergyman, whoſe auſtere Looks and devout Appearance make him paſs for a Saint; though Deſire hath many Years ſurvived Performance, he has juſt quitted a young Girl, whom he privately keeps.

OPPOSITE this Houſe you may obſerve an old Man on his Death-bed, and his Chamber crowded with his Nephews and Neices, who are beating their Breaſts, and tearing their Hair, with all the Expreſſions of frantic Grief. But his laſt Breath is parted from his Lips.—The Voice of Sorrow is huſhed, and they have already

 begun

begun to rummage his Coffers. Then amongſt thoſe Floods of Tears not an honeſt one was ſhed, ſaid *Eugenio*. Yes, replied the Infernal, the old Groom in the Stables is paying the laſt Tribute to the Memory of his departed Maſter.

THAT old Woman ſitting by the Fire-ſide, I have a very great Regard for. She was firſt married to an eminent Banker, who promiſed his eldeſt Daughter to a young Merchant, but dying before the Marriage could be conſummated, he left his Widow, who is a very prudent Woman, the Management of his whole Fortune. The Lover after a proper Time, attended the Dowager, in hopes to obtain the Daughter. But how great was his Surprize, when the good Lady carried him into her Cloſet and accoſted him in theſe Terms, "Look ye, Sir, I will deal "honourably with you. You ſhall have "my Daughter, if you inſiſt upon it, but "not one Farthing Portion. Mr. *Squeezum* "died worth fifty thouſand Pounds, if "you think the Money will compenſate "the Loſs of the Girl, here is my Hand, "you ſhall be Maſter of me and mine "To-morrow." The young Fellow who was a Citizen and a Man of Buſineſs, af-

ter a few Minutes Hesitation, agreed to the Match, called a Hackney Coach, drove to the *Fleet*, and the first Parson tacked them together.

In the next House a miserable old Dog has just now done the only good Action he ever performed in his Life. He has hanged himself in the Cellar. He lent a Gentleman, who at the Time was in want of Cash, twenty Pounds, but took Care to deduct fifteen out of it for three Months Interest. An Action was soon after brought against him for Usury and Extortion, and he has done that Justice to himself, the Hangman should long since have done for him.

The next you see is a pretty Miss of Threescore, who alarms her Servants ten Times a Night, by crying out a Rape, though her Face is a perfect Antidote against Love. She has the Vanity to think every Body that speaks to her is enamoured of her Charms. A certain Bishop happening to make her a Bow as he was descending from the Pulpit, she sent him a Letter next Day, desiring him not to prosecute his Suit any further, for she was resolved never to marry, her

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Conſtitution being too tender and delicate to endure the Pains of Childbirth.

In the Garret in the next Manſion, is a young Author, who has obliged the World with ſeveral Productions, but thro' want of Taſte, in this ignorant Age, they have been utterly neglected. He has lately dreamed, as *Heſiod* did of Yore, in the Vale of *Aſtra*, and is now finiſhing an elaborate Performance which will meet—with the ſame Fate as its Predeceſſors.

Observe a Woman embracing her Huſband with the utmoſt Tenderneſs. The poor Man has been married theſe ſix Years, and never knew an happy Moment till this. Her Tongue, which came the neareſt of any mortal Thing, to the perpetual Motion, has never been ſtill all that Time, till within this Quarter of an Hour, when this Reverſe of *Socrates* unable to bear his Sufferings any longer, ſtrap'd her heartily, and you ſee the Conſequence.

E contrario, that Mercileſs Raſcal who is kicking his Wife about the Room, has been out all Night with his Whores, and

is

is making his Wife, whom he left without a Morſel of Bread, this Recompenſe for ſitting up for him. But this is the laſt of her Torments, for ſhe dies under her Bruiſes, and the Villain will be hanged.

TAKE Notice of that Company who are drinking and huzzaing. They are Sea Officers upon half Pay, who tranſported with the Thoughts of an approaching War, are beating the *French* over a Bowl of Punch. But will they fight as ſtoutly as they drink? ſaid *Eugenio*. Yes, that they will, anſwered *Aſmodeus*, the *Britiſh* Seamen are the braveſt Fellows upon Earth; give them but Brandy and Tobacco, and they are a Match for a Legion of Devils.

WHAT do I ſee, ſaid the Student, a Ghoſt walking at the Break of Day? No ſuch thing, replied the Infernal. It is a roguiſh Sexton, who having dreſſed himſelf in a white Sheet with a Torch in his Hand, frightens the People out of their Senſes, whilſt his Aſſociates are robbing the Church.

O THE Pleaſures of a Wedding-Night,

continued the *Dæmon*, the old Fellow you ſee riſing in ſuch a Hurry, has been married this Morning, and is getting up to fetch a Midwife to his Spouſe, who is ready to tumble to Pieces.

Those two with a Farthing Candle burning dimly before them, are of the Race of *Cain*. They have ſate up all Night to contrive a Lie for the Day, in order to ſink the Stocks, that they may purchaſe the Cheaper. *New England* is to be ſwallowed up by an Earthquake, and fourſcore thouſand Troops with the Pretender at their Head, are to land in the Weſt of *England* out of four *French* Fiſhing-Boats.

In the Public-Houſe, at the End of the Street, up three Pair of Stairs, is a curious Collection of Epic, Dramatic and paſtoral Poets, Hiſtorians, Geographers, Eſſayiſts, Noveliſts, political Writers, *&c.* who all ſubſiſt upon the Generoſity of their Patrons the Bookſellers, "not the "worſt Judges or Rewarders of Merit." Theſe Gentlemen, for by their Profeſſion they demand that Title, receive ſo much a Sheet for their Productions, though the Money is never paid till the Work is com-

compleated. But as Authors as well as other Mortals must eat; the Landlady of the House has Orders to allow each Gentleman Six-penny worth of Eatables and Drinkables *per Diem*, which is scored up and duly paid once a Month by their Masters; Tyrants, I had almost said, for their Severity to these poor Geniuses is incredible. It was but Yesterday, that the Writer of Essays was arrested by his Washer-woman, and the Geographer was obliged to furnish a Paper for the Day. At the same Time one of the Dictionary Makers was ordered *to do* into *English*, several select Passages in *Homer*, as a Specimen of an intended Translation of the *Iliad*, from the original *Greek*—of Madam *Dacier*. Adieu, ye Slaves of the worthy Successor of the immortal *Curl*! May ye, when this transitory Life is past,

Altho' not cramm'd with Custard, nor with Praise,
Be gather'd to the Dull of antient Days,
Safe where no Critics damn, no Duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks *and high-born* Howard *rest.*

As

As the *Dæmon Aſmodeus*, pronounced the laſt Words, he ſuddenly ſeized the Student *Eugenio* round the Waiſt, and deſcending with him into the Street, abruptly left him and vaniſhed into Air. Whether or not he ever returned and reſumed the Converſation, we cannot yet, with any Certainty, inform the Public.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.